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The FAVOURITE SONG of

ROSLINE CASTLE,

AND THE

ANSWER.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

2, The Irish Lad,

3. The Unfortunate Wrack of the Susanna.

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ROSLINE CASTLE.

'TWAS in the ſeaſon of the Year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Collin with the Morning lay,
Aroſe and ſung this Rural ray.

Of Celia's charms the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and deals with Celia rung,
While Roſline Caſtle hear the ſwain,
And echo back the chearful ſtrain.

Awake, my love, the breathing ſpring,
With raptures calls awake and ſing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hails the Morning with a ſong.

To Celia raiſe the chearful lay,
O bid her haſte and come away,
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the Morn.

O hark, my love on every ſpray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes its lay;
'Tis beauty fir'd the raviſh'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong.

Then let the raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Celia's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms,

O hark my love, thy Collin's lay,
With rapturr calls, O come away;
Come, while the muse his wrath shall
twine,
Around this modest brow of thine,

O hither haste and with thee bring,
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine.

The ANSWER.

FROM Rosline Castle's echoing walls,
Resound my shepherd's ardent calls
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands, I must obey;

His melting ſtrain and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love diſplay,
I yield—no longer can refrain,
To own my Love and bleſs the ſwain.

No longer can my heart conceal,
The painful pleaſing fleams I feel,
My ſoul retorts the am'rous ſtrain.
And echoes back in love again,
Where lurks my ſongſter? from what grove,
Does Colin pour his notes of love;
O bring me to the happy bower,
Where mutual love may bliſs ſecure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the ſong,
Repeating as it flies along,
To Colin's ear my ſtrain convey,
And ſays I haſte to come away;
Ye zephyrs ſoft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love ſoothing tale,
In whiſpers all my ſoul expreſs,
And tell I haſte his arms to bleſs,

The Irish Lad.

EACH pretty young miss with a long heavy purse,
Is courted and flatter'd, and easily had;
She longs to be taken for better or worse,
And quickly elopes with an Irish lad.
To be sure she do'nt like a brisk Irish lad,
To be sure she do'nt like a brisk Irish lad,
Oh! to be sure she do'nt like a brisk Irish lad.

The wife, when forsaken for bottle or dice,
Her dress all neglected and sighing and sad,
Finds delight in sweet converse, and changes her sighs
For the good humour'd chat of an Irish lad.
To be sure she don't like, &c.

The widow in sorrow declines the sweet joys
Of public amusement, in sable all clad;
Impatient her twelvemonth in mourning employs,
Then hastens to church with an Irish lad,
To be sure she do'nt like, &c.

The Unfortunate WRECK of the SUSANNA.

GOOD Chriſtian people pray give ear,
And hear of our ſad fate,
Concerning of our noble ſhip,
That had been wreck'd of late;
Which loaded was with merchandize,
As you ſoon ſhall hear,
And on board had fifteen paſſengers,
Who loſt their lives moſt dear.

The eighteenth of November,
From New York we ſet ſail,
Kind Neptune he hid favour us
With a ſweet and pleaſant gale;
And for fair Dublin we were bound,
Without the leaſt delay;
But, by diſtreſs of weather,
We were drove to Waxford bay,

The SUSANNA of Dublin,
Our ſhip was known by name,
Our Captain's name it was John Weſt,
Who ſtrove with might and main,
To ſave our ſhip and all his crew;

And cried, My boys, ne'er fear,
But, with God's help, we'll have all ſafe,
For land to us is near.

But by contrary winds, our ſhip,
Was drove againſt a rock,
Which cauſed us to pray to God,
Soon as we felt the ſhock:
Our ſhip in pieces ſoon did ſplit,
Ere we could her relieve,
Which when the boys of Wexford ſaw,
Their hearts it ſore did grieve.

This dreadful ſtorm it happened
About ten of the day,
When thoſe poor ſouls did bleeding lie,
Amidſt the foaming ſea;
Brave Waxford boys to ſave their lives,
They ſtrove with toil and pain,
But, ere to them their boat cou'd get,
They were drove back again.

On planks they could have got to ſhore.
Were it not for the froſt,
But they could not keep faſt their hold,
By which their lives they loſt;
Our Captain and our paſſengers,
Beſides ten ſeamen brave,
It grieves my heart to think they all
Do now lie in one grave.

A woman and two children,
Happened on board to be,

Clasped together on a plank,
Amidst the raging sea;
Our Captain thinking they'd be safe,
He on their plank did get,
But straight a wave against them came,
So all their dooms they met.

Our Cabbin-boy his life was sav'd.
But griev'd our hearts to see,
His flesh all torn against the rocks
And mangled dreadfully,
The drowned soon on shore was drove,
Most shocking 'twas to see,
So many Christians breathless all,
Who shar'd one destiny.

But now, alas! my heart doth bleed,
Ere this I can relate,
The mother and her children dear,
Whom death it was their fate.
The breathless had them in her arms,
'Till they were all entomb'd,
Which might into a flood of tears
Dissolve a heart of stone.

They decently in the church yard,
Were all inter'd next day,
The Captain and his gallant crew,
Were by each other laid
May God preserve all seamen brave,
That plows the raging sea,
And send our merchandize all safe;
Amen, good Christians, say.